D-DAY

MODERN FARMING
FARMALL
He Drives a Weapon
IN THE FIELDS at home, and on far-eight battlefields, farmers are driving the machines of war.
Nearly two million farm boys are in the Armed Forces. Their weapons are tanks . . . anti-aircraft guns . . . powerful crawler tractors . . . and the great engines in the bombers.
Here at home, in history's greatest battle for FOOD, every farm machine is mobilized. This year every tractor operator drives a weapon in the war for Victory and Freedom—and the greatest of these weapons is FARMALL All-Purpose Power.
Just twenty years ago International Harvester announced the original Farmall—the first true all-purpose tractor. The Farmall idea—
a unification of working tools and power—swept the country. For the first time the farmer had power that could do all the work of horses . . . faster, better, and at lower cost. Today there are horseless farms wherever you go. Today millions of farmers have learned the efficiency, the economy and the ease of farming with the modern FARMALL SYSTEM.
Today the boys in uniform have reason to be glad that an army of Farmalls is waging a war of production on the home front. These most popular of all tractors, and the long line of Farmall machines, are bearing a major part in Agriculture's record burden.
When the young farmers return with their Victory they must take over and carry on. Food must write the Peace and make it last. Harvester and the INTERNATIONAL dealers, and the modern FARMALL SYSTEM, will arm them for the needs of post-war Agriculture.
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago (, Illinois
FOOD
FIGHTS
for FREEDOM
. . and the FARMALL fights for food!
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

CONTENTS

I	PROLOGUE TO WAR	4
II	NEWSREEL HISTORY	26
III	TRAINING FILMS	40
IV	COSTUMES BY UNCLE SAM	58
	Part 2: JIMMY STEWART	70
V	FOXHOLE CIRCUIT	82
	Part 2: GNE-MAN LAUGH WAVE	96
	Part 3: BEACHHEAD BIJOU	104
VI	MIRROR OF BATTLE	112
	Part 2: "GOD IS MY CO-PILOT"	126
VII	WITH GUN AND CAMERA	148
	Part 2: COMBAT CAMERAMAN AT WORK	158
	Part 3: "THE LIBERATION OF ROME"	166
VIII	TWO ON THE AISLE	188
IX	BONDS, BLOOD AND BOUNTY	204
X	PROJECTING AMERICA	216
XI	HOLLYWOOD IS JUST ANOTHER TOWN AT WAR	228
XII	EPILOGUE TO WAR	244
	Part 2: FILMS FOR HEALTH	258
	Part 3: FILMS FOR THE CLASSROOM	268
	Part 4: FILMS FOR DEMOCRACY	278

YOUTH FOR UNDERSTANDING JAPAN

We are
We are
We are
Youth for understanding Japan
(repeats)
(variants: Youth for ~~irrigating~~ note land
making 5 year plans)
We are
(repeats several times)
Youth for Understanding Japan
(repeats)
We are

Monologue: Well I never really did care much for Japan. I never did like kimonos, or straw mats on the floor, or sleeping in a paper room, or taking off my shoes all the time, or drinking all the tea in china. Then one day my grandson came over and he was wearing this T-shirt that said "Youth For Understanding Japan". I said, "Sonny boy, what the hell does that mean?" and he looked at me and he said, "Gramps, basically it means ——

We are, Youth for understanding Japan
(repeats indefinitely)
How would you like to take a trip, with me to Japan
(repeats)

We are
(4 times)
Youth for understanding Japan
Standing Japan
(repeats indefinitely)

What did we fight
all those battles for?
Why did we drop
all those bombs for?
And why are we fighting
in a Cold War?

We are
(4 times)
Youth for understanding Japan
Youth for invading Japan
We are

(the bus is leaving in 5 minutes)

AN INVERTEBRATE SPEAKS

I'm surrounded suddenly by huge mollusk shell amplifiers barking orders and musical references to past eons. I'm handed a set of bright red lobsters to clap in time with. nobody reads anymore so the husks of tv's are augered like tea leaves for instructions: "we quickly learn to adapt to underwater life, yet find the area three feet above ground ideal for procreation. a monolithic desire engendered this mutation and, as always, it becomes us. we match our environment's demise with a corresponding growth in confidence. soon we learn how to breathe the new air and, after that, how not to breathe at all. we have seen the importance of spider webbing, the strength of cockroaches, and the versatility of grasshoppers at tricking boney fish. not until we eat the remaining wires from abandoned computers will we be truly free."

I forget these warnings and take what drugs hang from sad trees. it's another session of highway driving as a moth gains speed and accelerates into metamorphosis. I follow and am allowed to migrate north for the coldest winter imaginable...a hard life but one any insect would be proud to die for.

chemise every girl seemed to wear over there.

"Take that off, too," I said, pulling off my shirt. She gave me a quick look.

"You want me to take this off?"

"Certainly."

Off it came and she walked to the little wash basin to wash her hands. She had a nice body, not milky-white, but one that looked almost tanned with a rich warm color. Also, she had an air of complete disregard for her nakedness and that was engaging. She turned and saw me looking at her and smiled. I took off the rest of my clothes and we got into bed. As she snuggled up to me I reached to turn out the light. Her surprise stopped me with my hand in the air.

"No light?"

"No," I said firmly and turned it off. "No light."

She laughed delightfully.

"Oh, you are timide."

"The hell I am. Come here."

This was what I was waiting for with great curiosity. She was a rented girl. Would she be responsive or was it just a job to be concluded as efficiently as possible? And to me she didn't seem a prostitute; she was a girl I had taken a liking to. I didn't have long to wait. In the moments of passion which followed I learned that being paid for it certainly didn't interfere with her enjoying it, because if anyone ever enjoyed it, she did. Her responses were ecstatic. She was simply a girl, not a prostitute, and I felt the pay was incidental.

"Oh, you are very good," I heard her gasp.

"I'm glad you think so," I whispered.

"You will come back tomorrow night, yes?"

"Can't afford it."

"Oh you will not pay. But come back, you promise?"

I promised. Later on, while we were resting, she confessed that she was surprised.

"Most Americans are in such a hurry," she complained. "I get nothing from it."

"Don't blame them. Most American soldiers are very young. They are inexperienced."

She sighed and we lay there smoking a cigarette in the darkness. I watched the breeze flutter the curtain and felt the coolness on my face. Dawn was slow in coming.

"You know, Suzanne," I said presently, "American girls resent you French girls."

She turned her head quickly to look at me.

"But why?"

"They think your morals are bad."

"Morals?" she was indignant. "Our morals are very good. We go to church, we are good to our parents, we ——"

"In America those aren't morals," I interrupted. "Those are duties."

I tried to explain what I meant but it was difficult to make her see it.

"Sleeping with a man you like is very nice," she said ingenuously. "Why is it bad? Sleeping with a man you don't like is not good, but sometimes you must do it. And if you do, what have you lost? I do not see."

I gave up and put out my cigarette. The first faint glow of daybreak was appearing when we fell asleep in one another's arms. I saw clouds and wondered whether it would be raining when I called for Yvonne that night.

I was awakened some time later by the sound of voices in the room. I felt Suzanne move and then sit up to speak. I didn't open my eyes when I heard a man's voice. I was too sleepy to think much about it but I recall musing that if Suzanne had a husband this was a very poor time for him to be coming home. Then I felt Suzanne shaking me and I turned, bleary-eyed to look at her.

"You must get up, M'sieu," she said urgently.

"Get up?" I mumbled. "Why?"

"The police are here."

2. MUDDY BUSINESS, digging foxholes. But Mother won't fuss. She knows that mud, like all spots that aren't greasy, will sponge right off Jack's "Zelan"-treated playclothes. For "Zelan"...

RESISTS STAINS!

1

On Nov. 23, 1965 Mordechai Shapiro, a former policeman and industrial drawing engineer, was hired by the U.S. Army to design a "warfare system" for use in Vietnam.

On Feb. 16, 1966 Shapiro submitted a 17 page synopsis of a larger report, to be completed in the next 18 months. This synopsis outlined a strategy & technical details soon to be elaborated in the full

2

report.

The strategy, called SCOURGE (Self-Contained Operational Units for Remotely Guided Extermination) is based on the premise that dollars are more expendable than soldiers and that America would gladly fight an expensive war if it were a successful war with few casualties.

It follows that a proper strategy to fight a guerrilla insurrection

3

should maximize its destruction of guerrillas and their economic base, and minimize American casualties.

Approaching battle as a situation similar to handling dangerous industrial materials, Shapiro advanced the concept of remote-controlled Battle Units (BU's), small heavily armored Weapons, equipped with offensive military technology, and manned by sol-

4

diers in a room miles away. 6 wide angle TV cameras on the BU transmit to the pilot's screens an equally good view in all directions. In addition 6 machine guns are on board the BU while miles away 6 gunners sit, each with a cross-haired TV screen.

In Shapiro's scenario the soldiers are insulated from their enemy. Battle Unit Guidance Stations

5

(BUGS's) could be set up in impregnable pillboxes or on aircraft carriers. Furthermore SCOURGE envisioned the eventual production and positioning of well over 350,000 BU's and BUGS's. A 4 million man army on the offensive, but fighting only from defensive positions. Casualties would likely run higher from accidents than battles.

On Feb. 18, 1966

6

Mordechai Shapiro was fired by the U.S. Army. The reasons given at the time were that Mr. Shapiro had lied on a government form, that he was only 12 years old, and that he was completely unqualified.

BACK HOME FOR KEEPS